

The Argus.

Published every Thursday at Holbrook, Navajo County Arizona, by ALBERT F. BANTA, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL.

The Argus has been honored and flattered into the arena of public opinion, to make a few remarks in connection therewith. My "remarks" shall be few at this time, lest perchance I should, inadvertently, cut it too fat and leave too many tears upon the rind; hence, shall make no hypocritical pretense of "filling a long felt want," nor to imagine myself a Greely or Grady. But, relying however upon the good sense of the public generally, and of the good people of Holbrook particularly, to accord me that patronage which my humble and modest efforts shall deserve, my best endeavors, unceasingly, shall be put forth—sparing neither time nor money—to publish a first-class country newspaper; a newspaper the best people of Holbrook may take pride in supporting, as a worthy champion of their rights, health and happiness.

The political course of the Argus, which carried to its legitimate and logical end, shall be plain, and withal so consistent, that the fool though he be, shall learn, may do so as well as the wise.

The Argus will ever be on the alert with its many eyes, to detect the people, but at the same time, neither fraud, shams, nor crime need be caught with all eyes. And whether it be friend or enemy, when that time shall have arrived in which it becomes really necessary for the Argus to call a spade "a spade," each and all alike can rest assured it will be done even "though the heavens fall."

ALBERT F. BANTA.

Birds mit der same feeders always sometimes go right away mit one another. It would pe vell to watch dos sort of roosters anyhow, eh?

Scurlity is neither argument nor wit, and in its proper time recoils upon its authors. The Pop. of Phenix starts its first issue with a lot of dirty flings at Delegate Murphy. Swill carriers never annoy much, their habitat being the gutters, where gentlemen never are seen.

A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD girl at Sharon, Pennsylvania, recently swallowed a chicken's heart whole, believing she would be enabled to see her future husband. It stuck in her wind-pipe; she will probably die. The only regrettable thing about the above incident, is, its too infrequent happenings.

SKILLED labor never reduces wages; it is the unskilled, ignorant laborer, the one that deserves no wages, who works injury to the cause of workmen. There are certain towns we wot of, not very distant from Holbrook, where the workmen, indeed, competent workman cannot ply his calling with any prospects of earning a living.

HON. THOMAS B. REED, of Maine, is again speaker of the lower house of congress; put there by the very significant vote of 221 against 95 votes for his opponent, Crisp, of Georgia. It would be well to keep your weather eye on the Hon. Tom. Reed as a great big possible presidential candidate. True, the electoral vote of Maine are few, but what it lacks in numbers, is more than made up in Reed.

THE territorial militia needs reorganizing—it is too topheavy at any rate, and is really in need of a few gentlemen at headquarters. Snobs and chumps have no place in military affairs, and one in an official position—and we have one of our eyes upon the scrub—who is devoid of even the first principles which go into the make-up of a gentleman, has no right to occupy positions only held by gentlemen. We shall take occasion to refer to these fellows in another time.

ARGUS.

Mythology furnishes us many quaint tales; none more curious possibly than the history of ARGUS. According to one legend, he was a creature of ancient mythology, said to have had an hundred eyes, or as others say, "eyes all over his body," of which only two slept at once.

He was set by Juno to watch the priestess Io, transformed into a white cow; but was lulled to sleep by Mercury, who played soothing tunes on the pipe of Pan, and then slew him with his crooked sword.

According to the other story, he had eyes all over his body; and possessed prodigious strength. Arcadia being infested with a wild bull, he attacked and slew it, and afterwards was its hide. He also killed a Satyr, who carried off the cattle of the Arcadians. Being enabled to catch him asleep, Jupiter, by sheer force, slew him.

From both the tales we learn that Argus had great power of sight, and likewise great strength; that he was always wide awake, always carefully guarding the interests intrusted to him; and that he likewise used his great strength in contending against the enemy of the public.

In modern phrase, we propose to be "Argus-eyed;" intend to watch carefully and clearly the interests of the public, and fearlessly give the warning cry when danger approaches. Our strength lies in the purity of our motives, and the absolute impartiality with which we intend to advocate the truth. Whether, like Argus of old, we shall be killed by a superior force, or by a crooked sword, will depend upon the support which we may receive from the best elements of society. We embark in our new enterprise with an abiding confidence that there are enough of us in favor of the right, and who are wedded to an advocacy of the truth, to enable Argus to exercise his powers among you for many years to come.

CHUCKLEHEADED WORK.

"On July 4th last the militia company at Tucson marched from the ranks in direct defiance to the orders of the Colonel, J. H. Martin, in command. The officers of the company were tried by courtmartial and sentenced to dishonorable dismissal and imprisonment in the county jail for short terms. The company was also disbanded. Governor Hughes this afternoon issued orders reversing courtmartial and restoring the officers to duty."

Instead of reversing the alleged courts, the governor could exercise more horse-sense by ineffectually kicking out the chumpy boors, at present disgracing the various heads of our militia.

THE press of the Territory were almost a unit, as it hypocritically climbed over its respective feet, in its senseless and unreasoning clamor to endorse L. C. Hughes for governor. But what a holy spectacle have they made of themselves. True! Mr. Hughes is right now, as they pretended to think he was then, just as honorable—neither more and perhaps not less—and if honorable then, he is as much entitled to their decent respect as he could possibly have been at that time. We do hope Mr. Cleveland may continue Mr. Hughes in office, (if for no other good reason than to teach chumpdom a lesson), until a republican administration shall fire the whole gang, which it is certain to do just one year from next March.

MR. E. H. ANGELL, general manager for the "Armstrong Abrasive Company," is here in the interests of that company. The company have located, and are now through their Mr. Angell, preparing to secure patents from government, to several sections of land covering what is known as the "petrified forest," in Navajo county, 18 miles to the southeast from Holbrook. For sometime past the territorial Press and the people through their representatives, have been agitating the question, having memorialized congress to this end, to withdraw from public entry all lands embraced within the petrified era; these lands to be set apart for a national park. If any steps are to be taken in this matter, either by congress or by our people, it must be at once. Perhaps our congressman would do well to examine into it and ascertain the wishes of our people and of congress in these matters.

A wise man takes a step at a time; he establishes one foot before he takes up the other; an old place should not be forsaken recklessly.

That "Name."

Edith. Prescott.—Name too local. Box 339, Tucson.—Your callow attempt at alteration clearly indicates the mental calibre of your mutton-head.

E. E. D., Tucson.—Same as Edith. F. F. H., Tucson.—Your choice however is not mine; the "Arizonian" also the "Arizonan" have both turned their toes up to the daisied green, the former at Tubac and the latter one at Prescott.

J. W. G., Tucson.—Cannot use the name suggested.

C. B. S., Ehrenburg.—To late for consideration.

J. R. F., San Bernardino.—Thanks the name you propose is an excellent one, but unfortunately for you the Territory already has a first-class "Arizona Citizen."

Dan C., Phenix.—No particular aversion to Salvationists—in fact am a little partial towards them; nevertheless, cannot adopt their "War Cry."

J. C. M., Prescott.—My dear Colonel, could not take the name, albeit a good one, had already selected the name Argus before your suggestion came to hand.

A. J. S., Chicago.—Your "name" is far the best one yet received, and had it arrived sooner should certainly have been the one adopted. Thanks for your kindly letter, will send the paper as an humble token of my sincerest regards.

F. F. C., Crittenden, A. T.—Two similar names now on file.

Blanche, Phenix.—Three "Apache Kids" already filed, not counting an ubiquitous one which our esteemed "Uncle" is so desirous to locate.

J. W. W., Globe.—Your abortive attempt at what in your empty noodle is considered a witticism—is excelled only by your mental fatuity, neither of which will ever cause you to be heard of outside of your own balliwick. Shade of Blackstone!

M. J. S., Tucson.—Have already at least half dozen of same.

K. St. C., Kingman.—See Blanche Phenix.

W. H. McC., Phenix.—Savors of turpitude.

L. H. R., Phenix.—Already a Times—had hoped to receive something original or unique, but it seems hopeless.

C. S. S., Phenix.—No Señor.

C. D. P., Phenix.—See Globe and extract a little cold comfort; gray hairs are to be respected, if not obtrusively stuck into other peoples' "butter."

E. A. R., Prescott.—Fie, fie, my dear Colonel, not to know an "Apache Chief" has already "gone hence" from Apache county.

H. H., Springerville.—Your suggestion is good in English, but the Spanish of it is "no bueno." "A. F. Banta, an old time Arizona newspaper man, is going to start a paper at St. Johns, and has gotten everything ready but the name. He has advertised for that and offers \$2.50 and a year's subscription to the man with the happiest idea. The fertile brain of Capt. Ross, of Tucson, suggests "The Bantling," which he says is not only appropriate for any young paper, but in this case will denote its pedigree."—Tucson "Pin Head."

Unfortunately for the Captain(?), and the whole tribe of aliterative dunces, the name comes from Holland, and my ancestors were of the first settlers of New Amsterdam, going there 131 years before the war of Revolution against Great Britain. By-the-way however, had our friend of the "fertile brain," exhibited a little more of this sort of "fertility" his success would be assured.

Arlington, Md., Oct. 18, 1895.—Mr. A. F. Banta: Glancing over the columns of the "Arizona Daily Citizen," I saw your advertisement for a suitable name for your proposed newspaper. I do not know that suggestions will be accepted from a point so remote as is 'My Maryland', but if "distance lends enchantment to the view," I have the honor to propose—The Arizona Argus.

Wishing the new venture every success, and that my "name" be the accepted one, I am very truly Yours, BESSIE ALLEN.

Accepted in part and the ARGUS shall be sent you for one year.—Ed.

Concerning Vinegar.

Vinegar and salt will strengthen a lame back.
Vinegar and sugar will make a good stove polish.
Vinegar for soaking lamp wicks makes a brilliant light.
Vinegar used to wash the walls before papering will help the paper to stick.

HIS GRACE'S SUSPENDERS.

Clever Ruse by Which the Duke of Wellington's Autograph Was Secured.

It is well known that, toward the latter years of the duke of Wellington's life, it was next to impossible to coax or wheedle his autograph out of him. All the stratagems used to get a reply from him to letters failed; he either did not answer them at all, or directed his private secretary to do so; and thus the famous signature of "Wellington" became a rarity highly prized by collectors.

Apropos of this, Answers tells of a London lady who had an album garnished with the autographs of most of the great men of the day, but wanted that of the "Great Captain." She mentioned her distress to a friend, a certain Mr. H., and a few days after he, to her great surprise and pleasure, brought her a note from the hand of the victor of Waterloo. It ran thus:

"Field Marshal Duke of Wellington never ordered a pair of braces of Messrs. Simkin. If F. M. duke of Wellington had ordered the articles he could not forget it. F. M. duke of Wellington always pays for his braces."

This was a very odd document for a lady's album, but its authenticity was undoubted, and it therefore found the best place in the interesting collection. The way in which this singular note was elicited was this:

Mr. H. filled up one of the bankruptcy court forms and signed it, informing the duke that in winding up the affairs of Messrs. Simkins, he (the assignee) found on their books the sum of 6s 6d due by his grace for a pair of braces, which he requested the duke would immediately pay or have paid. Mr. H.'s ruse was founded on pure fiction, but it succeeded.

THE EFFECT WAS STARTLING.

Consternation Caused by a Cry of Fire in a Philadelphia Tailor Shop.

Next door to the office of a popular magistrate in the central portion of that city there is a small tailor shop which has this sign in the window: "Trousers pressed while you wait." Quite a number of politicians frequent the magistrate's office, says the Philadelphia Record, and they often drop into the tailor shop to have the "bags" taken out of their trouser knees. One day lately Select Councilman "Tommy" Ryan and a number of up-country delegates were sitting in the tailor's back room while their respective pantaloons were being ironed. Representative John H. Fow, who is forever on the lookout to play a practical joke, passed the door of the shop and took in the situation at a glance. Mr. Fow raised his mighty fog-horn voice in one wild cry of "Fire!" The effect was instantaneous and startling. Mr. Ryan, the first to dash through the shop door, was clothed, as to his nether extremities, in flaming scarlet. Two of the country politicians wore gray and white, but the third wore, besides the startled look upon his face, not much of anything. His "biled" shirt was pretty long, but it did not prevent the few pedestrians on the street from seeing his bare knees knocking together with fright. When the victims realized the trick that had been played upon them they scurried back to shelter.

A Story of Pluck and Sacrifice.

A Rockland (Me.) woman whose story is briefly outlined by the Courier-Gazette has particular reasons for thankfulness that the last years of her life are spent in the land that celebrates July 4. This lady, Mrs. Hanrahan by name, lived in Ireland at the time of the potato famine. At last things got so desperate with her family that they held a council to see what could be done to keep them from starvation. America was thought of, but if the husband went to the United States what would keep the mother and children? So the brave woman decided that she would go. By hard exertion and bitter sacrifice her passage money was earned, and, taking a sad farewell of her home and little ones, she crossed the ocean. She procured a situation in New York, and while the father kept the family together and earned enough to give them a scanty living the mother worked night and day in the far-off city to get the funds that would bring her dear ones to this country. At length the years of probation were over, the father and children landed in New York and the family was once more united. "Ah!" said the old lady, "it was a py day when I saw my boys and girls again."

For one of the now famous beauties of Waterbury, Conn., loved a poor and beautiful maiden. So much did he love her that he had her name and a striking portrait of her tattooed on his right arm. Her parents opposed the match and forced her to wed a rich suitor. The young man vowed he would never marry, and for forty years he remained a bachelor. He became many times as rich as the man who had wrecked his youth's dream of love. A few weeks ago he capitulated to the charms of one of Derby's fair belles, and proposed marriage. She accepted on condition that he should have the tattooed reminiscence of his first passion removed. The sight of the symbol could not fail to prove embarrassing to both. A doctor was called in and performed a painful but not dangerous surgical operation, and the counterfeit presentment of his first love was replaced with an ugly scar as a reminder, so he now says, to his soon-to-be bride of the folly of youth.

Punishing a Slanderer.

A Puritan preacher named Boyd was in the habit of inveighing against Cromwell. Secretary Thurlow informed the latter, advising him to have the man shot. "He's a fool, and you're another," said the protector; "I'll pay him out in his own coin." He asked Boyd to dinner, and, before giving him any, prayed for three hours.

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